

JOHN HARRIS, of _____ County, Kentucky, as a boy was noted for his cowardice, and as a man not only feared his fellow men, but would go miles out of his way to avoid women.

Yet there came a time in Kentucky, as well as other parts of the South, when the true courage of all men was severely tested. During the Presidential election of 1860 men in Kentucky voted *viva* voice, and of course, every one expected that John Harris would take to the woods, as he was known to be a rank Abolitionist and the only Lincoln man in the whole county.

As John was a quiet, inoffensive man and a great reader, and never seemed to have the courage to resent, many insults were heaped upon him when his anti-slavery statements were known.

The memorable election day of 1860 was at hand; excitement was very great and feeling ran high.

The voter had to approach the election table and call out the name—either Douglas, Breckenridge, Bell or Lincoln—for whom he desired to cast his vote. The election table was surrounded by a mob of desperate men and election "bums."

John Harris at the appointed hour was in line ready to cast his vote.

The excitement was intense, and some threatened to shoot him if he dared to vote for Lincoln. His neighbors could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the "Coward" standing calmly in line, apparently not heeding their threats.

He had told them that voting was a sacred duty and that he intended to cast his vote even if death should be the result.

When John reached the voting table there were not less than five or six pistols pointed at him and he was again warned that he must die if he voted the "Black Republican ticket."

He merely smiled at their threats and told them he would vote although he died in the act.

After giving his name in full he was asked the usual question—"Who do you vote for?" He replied, "I vote for Abraham Lincoln."

At this moment James Wilson, who was afterward General Rousseau's Union scout, sprang to his feet and said, "I am a Democrat, and the first man who attempts to do harm to John Harris is a dead man."

John voted, and instead of turning around and walking out of the room, he walked backwards, holding a large knife in each hand, while James Wilson covered the "bums" with a double-barrel shot gun.

The bum element was paralyzed with astonishment. Not a word was spoken for some time. John Harris went to his home unmolested. Going to his room, he threw himself down on the bed and cried like a child. The psychic condition which possessed him was now gone, and his cowardice again controlled him.

On the tenth of June, 1861, there gathered a large crowd of people near Russellville, Kentucky, to feast upon roasted ox, and to hear speeches from Humphry, Martial, and others advocating secession.

Many people were ignorant of the purport of the meeting and were out for a good time, and among that number was John Harris.

When he arrived on the grounds there was already a great gathering of people present. Martial was on the stand denouncing the Northern people, and urged immediate secession. Above him floated the Stars and Bars, the emblem of secession. John and one of his cousins were seated upon a log listening to the speeches when in the distance was heard the beating of drums and whistling of a fife.

A procession of sons of Southern planters approached carrying aloft the Stars and Bars, and trailing in the dust the Stars and Stripes. At the sight of the latter John turned pale and trembled like a leaf.

As they came nearer, John's face flushed, his eyes sparkled and springing to his feet he grasped the Stars and Bars and in an instant tore it into shreds.

Consternation seized the whole crowd and not a word was spoken for several moments. But soon there was an outburst of wrath from every tongue, and they advanced upon him for the purpose of avenging the insult to the Confederate flag. "Kill the Abolitionist; hang the 'Black Republican,'" shouted the now infuriated mob. John immediately backed out from the mob some distance, but soon saw that he was surrounded, and there was no escape. He stooped down and picked up a club and begun to strike every man in reach. His blows with the club were so powerful that several were knocked senseless to the earth before he was overcome.

Finally he was taken by the mob and in a few moments a rope was around his neck and he was dragged until he was unconscious. The rope was loosened and he began to breathe and when he was able to stand his hands and feet were tied to a small sapling growing near.

Then a consultation was held as to whether or not they should burn him. On account of his having two brothers who were Secessionists and who had already enlisted in the Confederate Army, it was deemed best not to torture him with fire.

With fiendish ingenuity they spread syrup on his face and exposed parts, to attract flies of which the woods were full.

During all this time not a groan was heard from John. The day waned and the people enjoyed themselves as only Kentuckians can. Not a mouthful of water was given him, and the flies swarmed over his face and hands like bees.

Two men stood guard to prevent anyone from relieving his sufferings. When night came on, and most of the people had gone to their homes, a mob of several hundred

men gathered to inflict still further torture upon John. He was untied and taken to a tree with projecting limbs, a rope was put around his neck, one end being thrown over the limb and then the men were ordered to pull away on it.

But James Wilson, who was known to the mob as a dead shot, came with a revolver in one hand and with a knife cut the rope, shouting "Stand back, or I'll shoot."

At the same time Wilse Pertum, who was afterwards the great Union scout of the Army of the Cumberland, appeared upon the scene with a horse, and John was ordered to mount and fly for Bowling Green. As he mounted James Wilson handed him a double-barreled shot gun. At the same time, Wilson, Pertum, and some twenty others cowed the mob.

When the metallic ring of John's horse's shoes was heard on the pike, some one said, "Men, mount your horses and pursue him," and away they went up the Bowling Green pike. Then commenced a race for life. Not less than two hundred of the most desperate men in that part of Kentucky were after the poor victim who had the "courage of his convictions."

John finding some spurs on the pommel of his saddle, buckled them on his heels as he flew along the pike. The race was a fierce one, and when he neared Lost River, his pursuers were close upon him and soon within fifty yards, shooting and yelling at him like demons. John threw the bridle reins upon the horse's neck, and turning in his saddle, let fly both charges from his

Company will go, or else I will be carried back on a litter."

Soon the regiment was in the thickest of the fight; at four o'clock it was ordered to charge a battery. In the charge, the Regimental Colors went down, the bearer being killed. John Harris instantly picked them up, and waving them aloft said "Come on, boys." After a brilliant charge the battery was taken. In the list of the killed on the battlefield of Shiloh, as given by the daily papers, was the name of Private John Harris, Company _____, Kentucky Infantry.

This, however, was an error.

It is the 31st of December, 1862, and we are on the bloody battlefield of Stone River, when General McCook's army was overwhelmed by the onslaught of the Confederate army, driving back Sheridan, Davis and Johnson's divisions. Baldwin's brigade of Johnson's division was deployed to stay the onset of the victorious enemy. John Harris was carrying the colors of the Kentucky regiment. In the charge of the enemy the entire color guard was either killed or wounded; John Harris alone held the flag aloft until he was pierced with many bullets and fell to the ground, then the flag was given into other hands.

Again at Chickamauga, John Harris was in the front ranks in the thick of that bloody battle, one of the bravest of the brave. And when Wood's gallant division mounted the precipitous heights of Mission Ridge, John Harris, once known to his Kentucky neighbors as the "Coward" was



gun. At this they fell back to attend to their wounded, and John jumping from his horse ran down into Lost River, and there concealed himself until his enemies gave up the chase.

It was a beautiful morning on April the 6th, 1862, and General Buell's command was making a forced march through Tennessee. John Harris with knap-sack and gun was marching in the ranks of a Kentucky regiment, his face was pallid and his hands trembled as he held his gun. Distant cannonading could be heard, and occasionally an orderly would rush up and say to the commander of the regiment, "General Rousseau says for you to hurry up with your command." And in a few moments the men were marched out to the roadside, and ordered to pack their knap-sacks in a bulk. A detail was ordered to guard the knap-sacks and the march was resumed.

The Captain noted John Harris's condition, and suggested that it would be better to leave John behind, saying, "we will never get him into battle." But John, all trembling, appealed to the Captain to let him continue with the ranks, saying, "I shall never turn back until commanded by you."

April the seventh, Buell's advance had reached the battle-field of Shiloh, and was advancing on the enemy. John Harris was again pale and trembling; noting his condition the Captain again urged John to go to the rear. John's face became flushed and his blue eyes sparkled and he said to the Captain, "When I go to the rear the whole

among the first to mount the crest of the ridge holding the colors of his regiment aloft.

The war with all its horrors and heart-aches is now history and the flag John Harris had the courage to vote for floats over a reunited people.

Our hero never returned to his native State, knowing it would take years to soften the bitterness in the hearts of his people. He now lives in an Indiana town, old and decrepit, covered with scars received in many battles, and possesses the same inoffensive, kindly spirit as when he cast his vote for Abraham Lincoln.

"Of such stuff are heroes made." A. J. SMITH, M. D.

FORMS USED FOR POULTRY.

A cockerel is a male bird less than a year old.

A cock is a male bird over a year old.

A pullet is a female bird less than a year old.

A hen is a female bird over a year old.

A yearling is generally counted as one having laid twelve months.

A sitting of eggs is thirteen, although many poultrymen have increased it to fifteen.

A broiler is a bird weighing two pounds or less, and from six to twelve weeks of age.

A spring chicken is a young bird weighing over two pounds.

A stewing chicken weighs about three pounds.

A roaster weighs four or more pounds.

A poult is a turkey in its first year.

A capon is a male bird deprived of its generative organs, for the purpose of improving the weight and delicacy of its carcass.

A poularde is a pullet deprived of the power of producing eggs, with the object of great size.

A trio is a male and two females.

A breeding pen is generally made up of from six to fourteen females and a male.

The male chicken is called a cock, the male goose a gander, the male duck a drake, the male turkey a tom or gobbler.

Cramming is a system of artificially feeding young fowls, either by hand or machine, for the purpose of putting on extra flesh, three weeks being the usual course.

Alfalfa A Great Flesh Producer.

(By A. D. Burhans.)

Throughout the whole corn belt, where the main live stock feed has been corn in some shape or other, the alfalfa gospel is taking root. There is no forage that can do as much for the land, for hogs, cattle or growing stock of any kind, as alfalfa.

The writer was a young man working on the farm to gain a practical knowledge of live stock growing at this time. He well remembers how Wichita, Kansas, was the great market for Texas hogs, and has seen thousands of these rail-splitting animals driven on farms almost wholly given to alfalfa growing. They foraged on the alfalfa pastures all summer and early in the fall were finished off with a bit of corn for the Kansas City markets.

Kansas farmers knew the value of pure-bred hogs, but they could buy the Texas animals too cheap to bother with raising pigs. To the Kansas hog grower belongs the honor of teaching farmers that alfalfa was the greatest swine feed on earth. Alfalfa keeps the blood cool, grows great bone, makes thrift, keeps the hog's system clean, and provides a perfect growing ration.

The dairy farmer of the corn belt also has learned a thing or two about alfalfa. He has found that three crops of hay from a well cultivated field are sure every season. Alfalfa is never reseeded to preserve its density on the ground in favorable localities. It spreads from the roots as well as from the seed.

A disc set just a trifle cutting, run over a field of alfalfa that has grown too coarse, will split the crowns of the plant and cause it to sprout up finer in stem. This discing can be run again across the field in the opposite direction. Do this after cutting off a crop.

In the major portion of the corn belt, in 1906, four crops of alfalfa of over a ton to the acre each were cut. The year was particularly good for this plant.

The dairyman likes a finer stem to his alfalfa than does the average farmer. He finds that the cattle, the milk cows as well as calves and growing heifers, appreciate the most easily chewed stems.

In the alfalfa country one can see the colts and calves in shelter places partaking of this hay the whole winter through, and it brings them out to spring fat and sleek.

Where so much corn is fed to live stock as in the belt where it thrives best, there is no plant that can take the place of alfalfa. It, with corn, forms a perfectly balanced ration for all growing animals. The dairyman does not have to worry over the high price of bran if he can grow alfalfa, for the thing he buys bran for is wonderfully abundant in this plant.

We have seen dozens of dairy farmers who made bright alfalfa hay and ground corn, an all winter feed that produced heavy flows of rich milk.

Birds Are Money Savers.

The fruit grower who does not take the birds into consideration is in the wrong business, to say the least.

Some growers make the fatal mistake of destroying the birds that eat cherries and berries. It is true they do sometimes become very annoying, but this can be lessened by planting wild fruits that ripen at the same time as the cultivated ones. Mulberries will help save the cherries, as will wild cherries, elderberries, wild grapes, etc., the later fruit.

A recent publication of the Department of Agriculture names over 100 different insects eaten by the Bob White, among which may be mentioned potato beetles, boll weevils, corn bill bugs, click beetles, chinch bugs, cotton worms, grasshoppers, etc., all harmful to the farmer. It states that "as many as forty-seven cotton boll weevils were known to be eaten at a single meal," and that "chinch bugs" are destroyed by the tablespoonful.

And yet the farmer will permit the city sport to tramp over his fields, leave the gates open and shoot the last quail on the place. No one accuses the quail of destroying grain or fruit, yet unfortunately it is good to eat and must be sacrificed to the appetite of the game hog, and occasionally, though not often, to the farmer, whose faithful friend he is.

F. C. PELLET.